

Tell Me No Secrets

by Labrynth

Category: Roswell
Genre: Drama
Language: English
Status: Completed
Published: 2000-01-24 09:00:00
Updated: 2000-01-24 09:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 12:34:20
Rating: K
Chapters: 1
Words: 2,643
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Missing scene from The Toy House episode

Tell Me No Secrets

Tell Me No Secrets... > Disclaimer: None of the characters belong to me. I'll never be that creative. This is a missing scene from The Toy House. Where does Isabel go when Max shuts her down, taking control of a decision that should be made together? Alien minds want to know.

Tell Me No Secrets

> "We're not telling her Isabel. That is final."

Those words sliced through her. Through her skin, through her heart, through her being.

She ran to the car, tears falling down her face. All she could think was that she was hurting the one person in the whole world who loved her most. Lying to the one person who loved her unconditionally. Deceiving that person because they had told her to. Her heart was in her throat as she rammed the key into the ignition and started the car. Without a glance over her shoulder, she sped away.

Alex pulled open the door, expecting to see Maria or Liz standing there asking for notes or something. Instead he had a sobbing Isabel on his doorstep. One look at her face told him all he needed to know. She was hurting. Nothing else mattered then. He reached out and wrapped an arm around her shoulders, then led her inside.

Sobs shook her frame, carrying over into Alex. He could feel the pain coming from her. Could feel the anguish that seemed to be all consuming. Questions raced around in his mind, but he knew she would tell him in time. If that's what she decided she wanted to do. Guiding her over to the couch, he eased her down then sat next to her. She was still sobbing, seemingly unable to even form words, let alone do explaining of any kind. His arms wound their way around her shoulders and pulled her tightly to him. If all she could do was cry, then he'd gladly provide the shoulder to cry on.

Isabel clung to him like he was a life raft in the middle of a hurricane. All his solidness, his stability, all his Alex-ness gave her strength. He held her like that, letting her sob against his shoulder, never asking questions, never pressing her for answers she wasn't sure she could give. He just held her. In that moment, she wished she could melt into his arms and forget everything. Forget who she was, what she was just forget. Like she had forgotten everything before she came out of her pod.

Slowly the sobs began to subside, leaving behind stuffed up sinuses and a pounding headache. Isabel looked up at him sheepishly, unable to actually meet his gaze. No one in her entire life, not even Max, had ever seen her like this.

"I'm sorry," she muttered. "I know this seems silly to you or something" The words trailed off.

Alex brushed hair away from her face and wiped away remaining tears from her cheeks with the backs of his fingers. "Not silly," he assured her, "Never silly. Is there anything I can do?"

A faint smile touched her mouth. His shirt was soaked and he still looked a bit shell-shocked but he was only concerned for her. Isabel closed her eyes tightly, trying to keep the tears from starting again. That's all she needed. One more thing to make her headache that much worse. It was tempting to heal it herself, but the pain reminded her of the issue. As if her aching heart couldn't do that already.

"Nothing you can do really." Her voice was soft, hoarse from crying. "I just-" A deep breath. "I just needed someone" The last words came out as a sob and he wrapped her in his arms again.

"Shhh," he whispered into her hair, a hand rubbing her back gently. "Don't worry I'm here. I'm not going anywhere. Just let it out. Just let it out" The body wracking sobs started again and he could feel them pierce his heart. The agony that came with them was nearly too much for him, but he reminded himself who it was hurting worse.

Once again she found herself clinging to him desperately. Wishing she could just melt into him. A few times she opened her mouth to explain, only to find that sobs were the only thing to wrench themselves for her throat. He continued whispering to her, soothing words, nonsense, baby talk anything he thought might make her feel better. It made her smile. She couldn't exactly make out the words that were murmured into her hair, but just the sound soothed her. His voice soothed her. Gradually her death grip on his shoulders eased and she pulled away from him once again.

"I'm sorry-" she started again only to be cut off by a finger to her

lips.

"Don't be." Alex looked her in the eyes. "Don't be sorry for feeling the way you feel. Just tell me if I can do anything if there's anything at all I can do to help. Is there?"

A half laugh, half sob escaped her lips before she could shut it down. Tears welled up in her eyes again and she shook her head.

Shakily she answered. "Nothing you can do. Not unless you can find a way to tell our mother. You know tell her about me and Max. Tell her we're not even human" Another sob. She shoved her hand against her mouth and squeezed her eyes shut tightly.

He reached up and smoothed her hair back. Another hand reached out for one of hers and held it tightly. "Is that what this is about?" he asked gently. "Your mom."

Isabel nodded, feeling more sobs threatening to take her over again. "She knows she knows something isn't right Alex." Her eyes desperately searched his face. "And Max and Michael they think she'll turn us in or something. They don't want to tell her."

The picture began to get clearer in his head. He nodded slightly as he answered. "And you want to?"

Tears rolled silently down her face and she nodded slowly.

"She's my mom Alex. She loves me. She loves Max. She would never do anything to hurt us. Never allow anyone to hurt us. But Max and Michael they say she's not my mother." The last few words came out as a whimper, another sob forcing them out. "But she's-" Words failed her as the tears began to flow steadily again.

"She's the only mother you've ever known," Alex finished for her. A nod from Isabel told him he was right. "Then she's your mother Isabel. It doesn't matter that she didn't give birth to you. It doesn't matter that you don't know where you come from. All that matters is that she is the one who took you in. She cared for you. She raised you. If you think she's your mother, then she's your mother. Birth doesn't make a mother." He smiled at her softly. "Love makes a mother. And you obviously love her. Everyone knows she loves you. You and Max both. If she didn't, then they wouldn't have adopted you."

Isabel looked down, shame and guilt rising in her.

"But all we've done is lie to her. I've spent my life hiding from her. Spent it covering up everything. You don't lie to the ones you love Alex. It's not right." Her voice shook with emotion.

"Normally, I'd say that was probably true." Alex slipped a finger under her chin and forced her to look at him. "But you've got a unique situation here. It's not like telling her you didn't fail a test, or that you didn't scratch the car." Isabel cast her eyes away from him, unable to meet his stare. Sensing her discomfort, he reached out and pulled her close. "It is different Is. And I know she would love you no matter what. I know that your _mother_ would do anything to make you happy. Would do anything to keep you safe." She

sniffled against his shoulder. "But there is a possibility that she could slip. Would she ever do it on purpose? Never. But it could happen." She tensed in his arms and he tightened his grip. Alex knew this wasn't what she wanted to hear, but he couldn't lie to her. "Valenti already suspects something. And you and I both know she would never turn you or Max over but everyone makes mistakes. Secrets are hard to keep Is. She would never forgive herself if something happened to you guys because of her."

Isabel sniffed again, shifting her position against his shoulder. Resting her cheek there, she still held onto him tightly. But she did have to admit, even though everything in her screamed for them to tell her, Isabel had never thought of it that way. Had never considered that her mother could be hurt in such a way.

"What do I do Alex?" Her voice was that of an injured child. "I can't keep lying to her. I can't keep pretending I don't know."

Pain stabbed Alex again. He couldn't imagine being in this kind of situation. Sure, he didn't always get along with his parents, but it was nothing like this. The worst thing he ever had to do was tell them he'd wrecked the car. Of course that had gotten him his own car, but that was a different story. _She must feel so alone_, he thought to himself, _like there isn't another person out there who feels it too_. Hands stroked her back and hair, keeping her close to him.

"You're not alone remember? You have Max." Alex felt the protest rising within her and started talking again before she could say anything. "I can see where he's coming from. I can't say that I understand how you feel, but I can see both sides. And I can see how much you hurt. And I can tell you that he loves you too. He would never want to see anything happen to you. Or your mother. I think you should talk to him. Make him understand why you feel this way. Maybe you can't tell her the truth. I don't know. But if you can't, then maybe there's something you can say to make her happy to keep all of you from feeling this way." His hands stilled. "I don't think you should tell her alone. I really think that if you're going to tell her, both of you need to do it."

She wanted to scream at him. To rage and tell him how wrong he was. Tell him he had no idea what he was talking about. But she couldn't. No matter how badly she was hurting, she knew he was right. However, she couldn't deny that the hope Max would break down and they could tell their mother the truth was harbored deep within her. Hesitantly she pulled back from him, her eyes locking onto his.

"You're right." The words didn't feel right to her, no matter what her head was telling her. She wondered if they sounded hollow to him as well. "I just-" The words wouldn't come.

Alex smiled at her. "It'll be ok. I promise. Ok?" Isabel nodded slightly. "You need to talk to Max. Need to tell him how you feel." The look on her face told him she dreaded doing such a thing. "And if you need anything, anything at all, I'm right here. Ok?"

The first real smile of the day graced her mouth. "Ok," she whispered.

The note he had left told her to meet him at the quarry. Her heart soared, daring to hope he was going to tell her. Going to tell their mother the truth. And while she wished she could be there, she also felt relieved that she wouldn't have to face that. If it was going to go wrong, she wouldn't have to see the horror on her mother's face when she found out the truth. Squeezing her eyes shut, she tried to focus. Tried to put herself together.

The sound of the Jeep made her turn.

Hope was written across her face as he slipped from the Jeep and approached her. She had a million questions for him, but decided to let him speak first.

"Guess we had an argument," he said.

"Yeah," she replied.

"It was interesting." A pause. "I'm sorry Is."

"Did you talk to mom?" she asked hopefully. She tried, but couldn't hide the emotion from him.

"Yeah." Max paused and looked at her. "It's gonna be ok."

"You told her?" she asked expectantly. Isabel dared to believe

The look on Max's face was enough.

"No." He almost sounded sorry for that, but she didn't really believe it. He was never sorry when he believed he was right.

Her heart shattered and she couldn't stop the tears. Couldn't stop herself from breaking down.

"I just -- I just wanted her to know. So bad." She hated how she must sound, but she couldn't, and wouldn't, disguise the pain she felt.

His arms were around her and he was speaking, but she could hear nothing past the pain.

"I know. I know you did. We have each other. We're gonna be ok Is. We're gonna be ok," he said.

The sounds were meaningless to her, the words even more so. Isabel wanted nothing else to come from his mouth. Wanted to shove her hands against it so it would speak no more lies. He hadn't even bothered to ask her. Hadn't bothered to hear anything she had to say. But she did take some comfort from the fact that she wasn't alone. No matter how badly she wanted to hate him, she couldn't. Instead she waited for him to pull away first.

"I have to go," Isabel told him, averting her gaze from his.

"Where?"

"No place special. I just-" Her breath caught and she thought the

sobs would over take her again. She fought them back and bit her lip, nearly drawing blood. "I just need to be alone. Need to think."

Max nodded, but she knew he was hurt. She could feel it. Turning, she headed for the car, thankful that she didn't need Max to take her anywhere. Sitting in the Jeep with him would be torture. Besides, she didn't want him to know where she was going. Didn't want to share anything else with him in that moment. Didn't want another reason she should hate him.

Alex's house was only fifteen minutes away.

End
file.